

years. It is an experience that is to be hoped they will not have to bear. It has been owing to the generous hands that have contributed to the wants of the 'Western sufferers' that there have not been hundreds and thousands of cases of bodily suffering through the stricken land. And so bodily wants have been supplied. As to the mind and the spirit, have these been neglected? The answer is no. Our schools have been carried on just the same. Our churches have been supplied with ministers who continued through all the great distress, breaking the bread of life to the hungry souls. It has often been noticed that the with-holding of temporal blessings increases man's desire for spiritual food. In Wray the past winter, our churches have experienced great spiritual revivals, so that it is great consolation that not only have our bodily wants been supplied but our better natures have been built up. We have been drawn through afflictions closer to him who doeth all things well. It has been a great pleasure to see this—to notice that while everything looked dark and despairing, that the services at God's house were always well attended. The collections even were always generous. There was no trouble to keep up the S. S. and C. E. supplies. It was only last night when our minister preached a farewell sermon, that it was publicly stated that every dollar that had been subscribed a year ago to the support of the pastor in the town of Wray, had been paid.

A few weeks ago, Dr. Vincent, the M. E. presiding elder of this district, held his Quarterly Conference at a mission point twelve miles south of Wray, in the country. He asked these drouth stricken people who had gotten "down to the last nickle," for a contribution for the presiding elder's expenses. The congregation convenes at a country school-house, and you may know it is not large, yet when the hat was passed, something like four dollars was counted out. Many of these very people have been helped through the winter by accepting "supplies from the aid store." I name this so that the help that is sought through the various societies for the support of the *Tract Work* or the *Theological Department of the College* may come with a generous response. You who are called upon to contribute to these worthy causes and are complaining of hard times generally speaking, know nothing of the pinch of poverty. It is to be hoped that the experience of others, may make you liberal and that you will not need the severe hand of the chastisement to learn the lesson that we all need to be taught. It is great pleasure to say that eastern Colorado has been abundant-

ly blessed with rains; from two and a half to three inches of water fell in the last week, mostly in showers and our people again feel that the Lord has blessed them. Wray, Colo.

### "OPEN SESAME."

CLARA WORST.

There is a fire,  
And motion of the soul which will not dwell  
In its own narrow being, but aspire  
Beyond the fitting medium of desire;  
And, but once kindled, quenches evermore,  
Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire  
Of ought but rest."

In that famous Arabian legend, in which the raids of the forty banditti were recorded, Ali Baba had no sooner repeated the magic words, "Open, Sesame," than the power of that spell was broken and the door of the secret cave swung open disclosing untold wealth, richest fabrics and costliest jewels. But, there is a nobler, more stately structure whose builder and maker is not man, which rose, like an exhalation, with the sound of sweetest symphonies, whose golden dome of high possibilities is Ossa upon Pelion, mounted upon which the very heavens are scaled. And,

"From the arched roof of fretted gold,  
Pendant by subtle magic, many a row  
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed  
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yield the light  
As from a sky."

Its doors opening wide their brazen folds reveal within its ample rooms, where Success, Honor and Fame, as sceptered angels, have their residence amid the bossy sculptures of sage and poet. All success is ever thronged; its wide gates and spacious porches are crowded with aspirants for immortal renown.

But its doors are locked, locked with a triple key, whose component parts are, Labor, Perseverence and Duty. And truly Fortune has favored that individual in whose possession is found this magic key. For without it, he who should then hope to conjure with the charmed door would find himself as much mistaken as Cassim in the Arabian tale, when he stood crying, "Open Wheat," "Open Barley," to the door which obeyed no sound but "Open Sesame."

In this pursuit of Glory we must imitate the spirited hounds of the chase, we must pursue the game not only where there is a path but where there is none, learn to leap and to creep; to conquer the earth like Cæsar or to fall down and worship it. We need the eloquence of Ulysses to plead in our behalf, and the Hercules to do battle for us.

Truly some ready talent or fortunate opportunity forms the ideas of the ladder

upon which some never mount, but the rounds of the ladder must be made of material that will stand the test of the ages.

In the Christian world such names as Martin Luther, John Wesley, and Isaac Watts have filled many a weary soul with a nobler theme.

They have left behind them on the shores of Time, not only a memory that shall never die, but the tide of influence rolling on through their noble works, on, on, forever and ever is destined to swell the great ocean of Eternity, with thousands of redeemed souls.

Men whose work God in heaven sanctioned, who once and again pushed back the curtains of the pavilion which is his resting place, ineffably bright, and, as a man speaking to men, showed them the right and made them promises binding the strength of his Almightyness with covenants confirmed by everlasting oaths. In the army of infidels and atheists, which is hewing down the cross and desecrating sacred shrines, the influence of Gibbon, Voltaire, Francis Newport, and Tom Paine has been immeasurable. But, call these back from their eternal abode, and ask them what they think now of their sarcasm of holy things. They come shrieking from the lost world to the graveyards where their bodies were entombed, and, pointing down to the white dust, they cry, "A wasted life."

The rounds of their ladders were made of earth's paltry substance and they can not endure.

Success is the greatest of the angels of men, and all your possessions are a mantle of cloth of gold and finest silver which it has spun for you. Its true incentive is honest labor, which is above the storm, and gives to success a sure and steadfast anchor, since it is cast into heaven, for, labor wide as the earth has its summit above.

The old fable of the hare and the tortoise only exemplifies a truth which we are all ready to admit when we once stop to admire those wonderful works of nature and art, which proclaim the triumph of perseverance, the second element of the magic key.

By this restless force the quarries became the Coliseum of Rome and the great Chinese wall were built. And as the magnificent river rolling in the pride of its greatness to the hidden springs of the mountain nook, so does the wide-sweeping influence of distinguished men date its origin from hours of perseverance resolutely employed for self-development, which was their "Open Sesame."

Don't waste your life in trying to be sure of unimportant things.